

Points from Letters

UNCOMMON SURNAMES

In transcribing my parish register, 1599-1640, I have found the following uncommon surnames:—Godaveall, Asher, Fickas, Muntle, Laintford, Wheatstrow, Kefden, Redgent, Sagers, Askowen, Arnes, Bagden, Barstow, Plettre, Olives, and Mr. George Altonson. Mr. Summ is spelt Sumsone and Scott Skootie.—The Rev. Richard Kinot, Rector of Dodington, Cambs.

ACCELERATOR AND FOOT BRAKE

It is to be hoped that one of the motoring organizations will make a thorough trial of the combined accelerator and brake pedal mentioned by Commander Cather, and publish a report thereon. The desirability of the latter device which is required to transfer the foot from one pedal to another will just make the difference between escape and disaster in thousands of cases.—MAJOR E. F. YVETTE, Buckham End Hotel, Lansdown, Bath.

THE LOCK OF THE SWORD

I was interested to read your correspondent's article entitled "The Lock of the Sword." This differs slightly from the version which I have heard, and which, I think, is more attractive. In this instance it was Athalia's sword which was thrown into the loch, Lockie saying, "So long as this sword remains in Lochna's 'Caidhann' the loch shall be the mark between Atholl and Lockhart." It was for this reason that the sword was so carefully replaced, and not merely from a sentimental motive, as is suggested by your contributor.—MR. R. H. FINLAY, Bognor, Cambs. Douglas.

NOISES AT NIGHT

The locality where I reside can hardly be described as perfectly peaceful. It is impossible some nights to sleep until after midnight for the noise of motor-cycles being started, the gear-changing of cars, and banging of doors. Now a new terror has been born there upon us. Last night 11 p.m. Sunday night we were awakened by the strains of music—"Poor old Joe"—accompanied by loud voices and banging of doors. Getting out of bed, I noticed a large car drawn up next by, presumably with car radio, in front of one of the cottages.—MR. E. S. LAW, 281, Osborne Road, Hornchurch, Essex.

A REVIVAL OF CORNBISH

It is very interesting to read your leading article mentioning the translation of portions of the liturgy into Cornish. Versacular versions of the *Pater Noster*, Ave Maria, Creed, and Ten Commandments, were used for the instruction of the boys in the Middle Ages, and in 1573-34 Henry VIII. superadded all these by a single antiphonal version which the clergy were commanded to teach the people. The instruction of John Boken of Exeter in 1581 was specifically orders the use of the "Cornish tongue, where the English is not used." This new version seems to have been either printed as a broadside and posted up in the churches or painted on a board examples of which probably still exist unnoted in some parish church. At one time the King's version was in York Minster, the Prayer-book version in St. Dunstan's, Canterbury, and in all probability the Master version, derived from a translation by Collet, was like this or there. There is no difficulty in identifying them as they occur in contemporary *Prayers* of Boken and other sources. I have seen only one but the English versions.—MR. EDWARD BURNHAM, 24, Sunhope Road, Sidcup.

WASP STINGS

Most men, and many women, carry tobacco, and a small plug of this, when damped and applied, soon stops the pain and removes the swelling of a wasp sting. This simple remedy acts with the Indian wasp, and I see no reason why it should not do the same with its English brother.—N. F. COOK, Budeich, Shilston.

CHILDREN PLAYING ON ROADS

An inexpensive way of reducing the danger of children playing in the roads is provided by the opening of school playgrounds after school hours and during the holidays. The experiment has been tried in Cheltenham during the August holidays and it has been demonstrated that the children will resort to them in preference to remaining in the streets. Some doubt whether they would.—MR. H. C. GOSWAM, Longwood, Liberty Road, Cheltenham.

HAW JELLY

I was very interested in the recipes for elderberry jelly and rose hip jelly which you published a few days ago. The haws are exceptionally large and plentiful this year, and amongst five or six a recipe for "haw jelly," with H. J. A. HOSKINS, Chichester, The Magazine, Chichester, W.I.

WHAT IS WRONG WITH CRICKET?

No one seems to suggest that one reason is that batsmen no longer run their runs as in old days, and before the desire for gate money made stands erevict most and more all round the ground. After a week over the business might often be seen struggling to right their limbs; this breathlessness, in a very large degree, upon both eye and forehead, and a great handicap to the batsman.—S. BUDGET, May Hill House, Dinsford, Hants.

THE TRAFALGAR CEMETERY

Your correspondent Parker H. surprises me by his comments on the Trafalgar Cemetery in Gibraltar. I see this cemetery several times a year and, in my opinion, it is beautifully kept, and in fact particular pains are taken by the Government authorities to see that it is one of the beauty spots of Gibraltar. It is invariably one mass of flowers, the paths are tidy, and the tombstones close and well kept.—MAJOR W. T. BLAKE, for the Gibraltar Tourist Bureau, Limited, 199, Piccadilly, W.1.

LATE PRIMROSES

On September 7 I was shown into one of the "gardens" in Zoor Street in Southwark, and there I saw a large flower-bed with several primroses in full bloom and many others in bud. We all know that this is a very exceptional year, but can any of your readers explain what has caused these migrated plants to migrate September for the spring?—The Rev. J. B. C. LAUGHTON, The Rectory, Somers Street, S.E.1.

SCRATCH DIALS

It is rather singular that Mr. Harold Dewitt, who alludes to the "scratch dial" at Ypsanti, should make no mention of those which were certainly to be seen a few years ago on either side of the door giving entrance to the church of his own parish church. He was one of the churchwardens of Oring during my vicariate for many years, so perhaps they have now become entirely obliterated by what I called Mr. Carot, the well-known ecclesiastical architect. If he could suggest any method by which they could be preserved, he said that very little could be done as they were already so much decayed. These dial were placed on the jambs on either side of a height of about 5 ft., and their diameter was about 2 in. I put a pencil in the place of the gnomon on a bright summer day, and found that the shadow fell on a line which had apparently been traced on the face of the dial at an early hour of the morning. No trace of any figures could be seen.—The Rev. Walter Chace, Sussex Club, Eastbourne.

OLD HEDGEHOG

Having been born in the Highgate Grove 80 years ago may I add a few words to the article, which I enjoyed immensely, and of which every word is exact and true? How well I remember one of my many brothers running off to see the Alexandra Palace built down, we considered that edifice a monstrously spoiling one of our beauty spots close to Walsley. Another beauty spot gone is that lovely walk which Keats and Coleridge loved, Milford Lane, through Nightingale Valley, along a narrow woodland path to Hampstead Lane—and again the fields full of cowslips, and larks singing at Hendon. All gone—perhaps the start did give going now? It is all too sad for words.—Mrs. E. L. BLAKE, Brunton Tower, Osborn Road, Farnham, Dorset.

SIRENS OF THE RIVER

How glad I am that someone has written to you about the shrill sirens of the river! At certain times the crowded thousands whose boats are along the Pool of London are started out of sleep by piercing shrieks, repeated at short intervals for several hours. These are the sirens of the Tower Bridge. There are two sirens from little boats and usually they come from the east, and a particular voice which seems to lead the air. These are not poetic exaggerations. Many sick and many light sleepers suffer much—but not in silence. If the command is given, the sirens can be heard effectively what need is there for bellowing and screaming? Might we not reasonably and once measure of the noise required and not leave every shipowner and captain to do what is right in his own eyes?—MR. J. A. GILBERT, Jamaica Road, Bermuda.

Points from Letters.

The Times (London, England), Wednesday, Sep 12, 1934; pg. 8; Issue 46857. (1451 words)

Category: Letters to the Editor

© Times Newspapers Limited

Gale Document Number:CS135473964